

GEO. C. HUGG,

2133 Newkirk St.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SCC 5733

Songs of the Mercy Seat

A NEW COLLECTION

-FOR-

Sunday-Schools, Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Young People's Meetings, Revival, Camp and Prayer Meetings, Choirs and the Home Circle.

-BY-

GEORGE C. HUGG and POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Price, \$25.00 per hundred; 30 cents, singly.

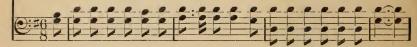
PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE C. HUGG, 2133 Newkirk St., Philadelphia, Pa. 4 A. S. D.

A. S. DOUGHTY.



- 1. Soon trials and conflicts of life will be o'er, And we shall have crossed the dark main;
- 2. Faith's rapturous vision may sometimes behold An outline of heaven-ly scene;
- 3. That city of jewels, and mansions untold, And walls made of jasper sublime;
- 4. A land that's so pure and so free from all sin, Where pain never uttered a cry;
- 5. When we with the saints and the glorified throng Assemble upon that blest shore,





Earth's pleasures forsaken we'll never deplore, If heaven's blest portal we gain.

As Mo-ses beheld the fair Canaan of old, Far off, with a Jordan be - tween.

Refulgent with lustre, like transparent gold, And never corroded by time.

Where sickness and death cannot enter therein, And nothing that maketh a lie.

With harps and with voices we'll chant the new song With heaven's redeemed evermore.





We're nearing the shore of that beautiful land, That far-away home of the soul;.....





And soon we will stand on that glittering strand, And chant while the ages shall roll.







message I give, O believe it and live; O yes, there is pardon for you.



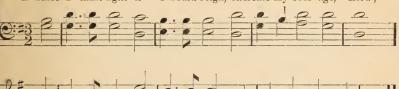
ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.



- 1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
- 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
- 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
- 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my cour-age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup- port - ed by thy Word.







GEO. BEAVERSON. By per.

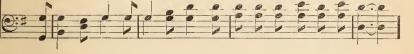


- 1. From Calv'ry's mount there free- ly flows The stream of sal-vation thro' Je sus;
- The sto ry old I love to tell, Of Jesus who now lives in glo ry;
- No oth er way to man is giv'n, To gain this salvation, but Je sus;
- Oh, come and prove his mighty pow'r, To save you and keep you from fall-ing;





its cleansing pow- er knows Who's washed in its life giv-ing flood. My griefs and sorrows on him fell, Who died that my soul might be free. He is the Lord of earth and beav'n, His blood will a-tone for all sin. He calls you now, this ver - y hour; Ac- cept his sal - va-tion and live.





'Tis flow - ing, flow - ing, The stream of sal - va-tion is flow - ing;





'Tis flow - ing, flow - ing, 'Tis flowing for you and for me.



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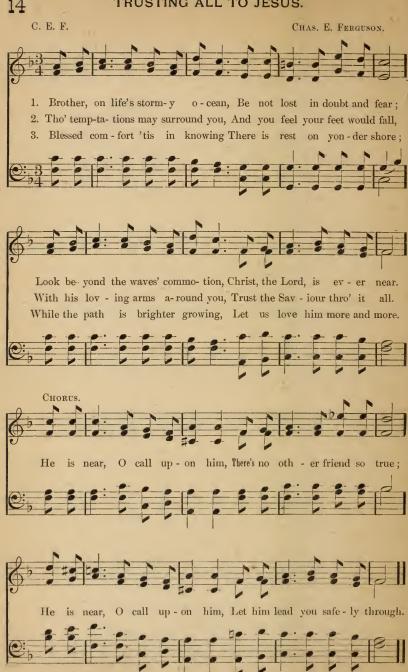
E. M. DOUTHIT. ANNA D. BRADLEY. 1. Soul, are you wea-ry of wand'ring? Soul, would you find the light? 2. Soul, would you journey in safe - ty, Fearing no wind, no wave? 3. Soul, would you lose all your bur - den? Would you have peace with - in? 4. Soul, do not wait an - y long - er; Come, or the call may cease: Je - sus is wait-ing to bless you; Heed the first call to night. Heed then this call of your Mas - ter; Je - sus a - lone can save. Heed then this call of the Sav - iour; Turn now a - way from sin. Now he is of - fer - ing par - don, Now he is peace. CHORUS. Soul, it is you that the Mas - ter Calls while he holds the Soul, if you care for a Sav - iour, Heed the first call to - night.

REV. ISAAC N. WILSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

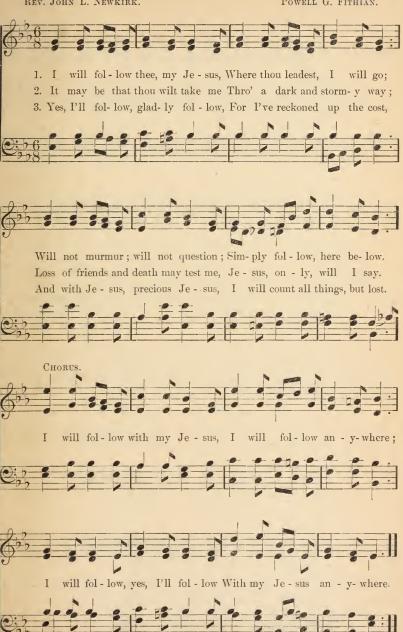






REV. JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.







H. S. L.

H. S. Lowing.



- 1. We will vol un-teer to fight For our Lord, the Lord of Light, Who will
- 2. We will bat tle for our Lord, With his Spir- it for our sword; We will
- 3. Pressing onward in the fight, Pressing onward in the right, Precious





give his chosen peace and liber - ty; Jesus Christ can never fail, He will work and we will fight successful - ly: Nev- er can our efforts fail, Tho' the laurels shall be ours for-ev - er- more; Glo- ry to the Prince of Peace; Praise his





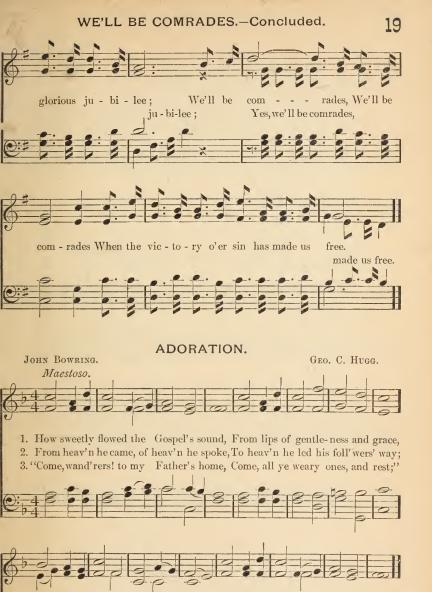
lead, tho' Sa-tan rail, He will lead us on to glorious vic - to - ry. en - e - my prevail, We shall gain the last and fi - nal vic - to - ry. name for our release; Praise, O praise him on that ev - er-last-ing shore.





We'll be com - - rades, We'll be comrades, When the bugle sounds the Yes, we'll be com - rades,

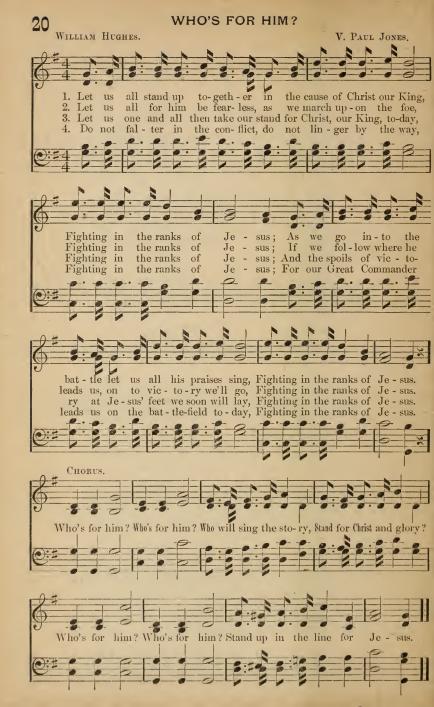




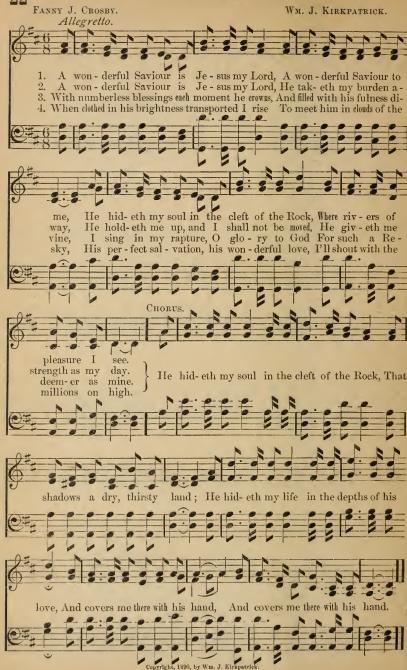
When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.

Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Unveiling an im - mor-tal day.

Yes, sacred Teacher; we will come, Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.







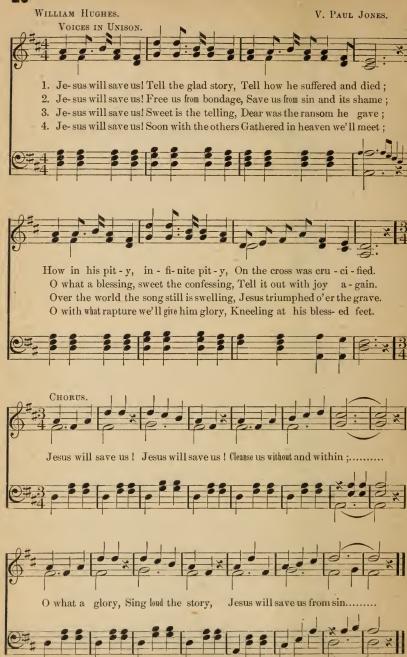


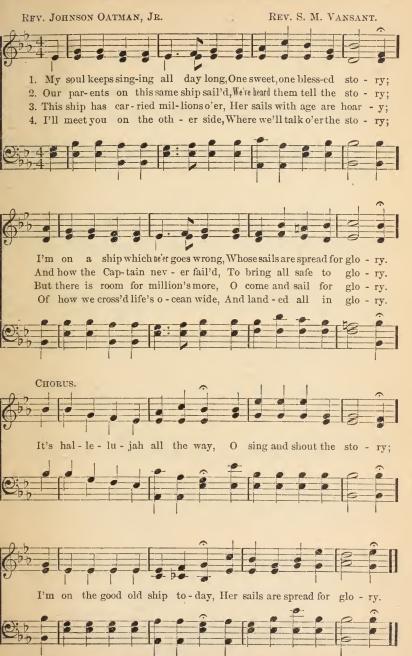
All is charged to my own ac-count, I have paid the full a - mount. Paid, the debt, and the debt-or's free! Now, I ask thee, "lov'st thou Me?"

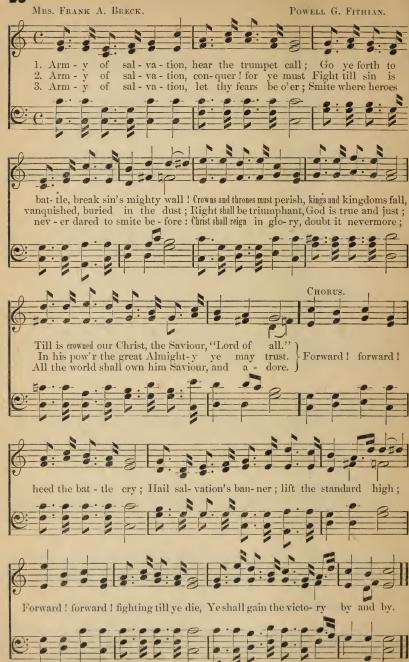
JESSE P. TOMPKINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. is mine, he nev - er will forsake me, Je - sus 2. Je - sus is mine, he nev - er will deceive me, Je - sus 3. Je - sus is mine. he nev - er will de-sert me, Je - sus is 4. Je - sus is mine. he nev - er will re-ject me. mine, no e-vil can o'ertake me; I seek his kind-ly face, I mine, his words shall nev-er grieve me; I know his love is true, And mine, no grief can ev-er hurt me; For on his throbbing breast I his blood will e'er pro-tect me; And when be-fore the throne, I trust him for his grace, he will for - sake 110, me. what he says, he'll do, 0 no, he nev - er will de - ceive me. nev - er will de - sert can most sweet-ly rest, 0 no, he me. shall not stand a - lone, he nev - er will re - ject me. CHORUS. he nev - er will for-sake No. No, me, 110, no no, 110, No, No, no, he nev - er will de-ceive me, no, no. no, No, no, he nev - er will de - sert me. no. no. no no. ne nev - er will re - ject No, his me, no, no, 110,

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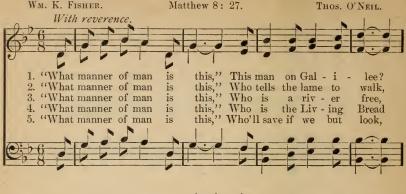


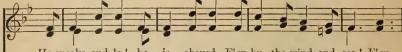












He speaks, and lo! he is obeyed, E'en by the wind and sea! E'en And bids the deaf to hear the news, And e'en the dumb to talk? And And all who drink, O glorious tho't! Shall nev-er thirst-y be? Shall That sat - is-fies the hun-gry soul, And rais - es e'en the dead? And And take from us our sin and woe, As writ - ten in the Book? As

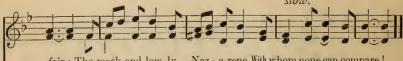




e'en the dumb to talk. nev - er thirsty be. rais - es e'en the dead. writ-ten in the Book.

He is the Babe of Bethlehem, The Rose of Sharon,

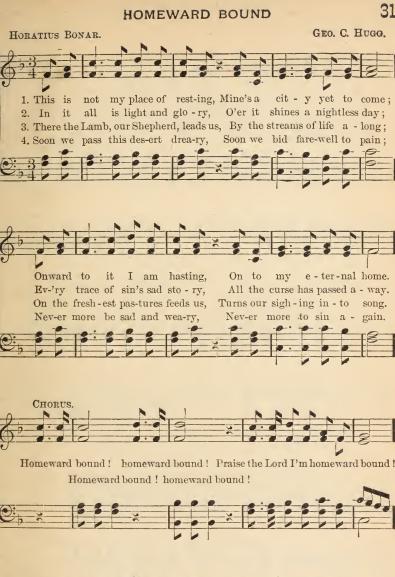




fair: The meek and low-ly Naz-a-rene, With whom none can compare!



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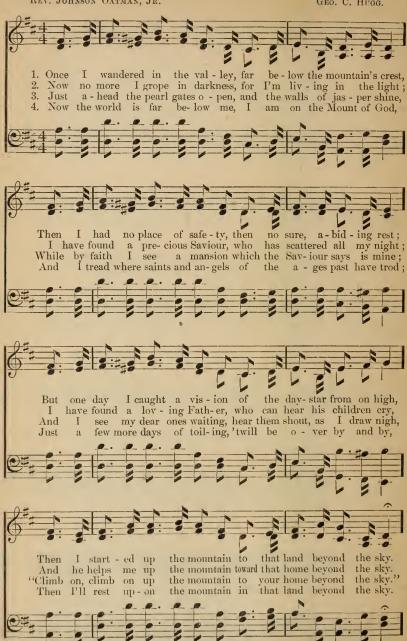


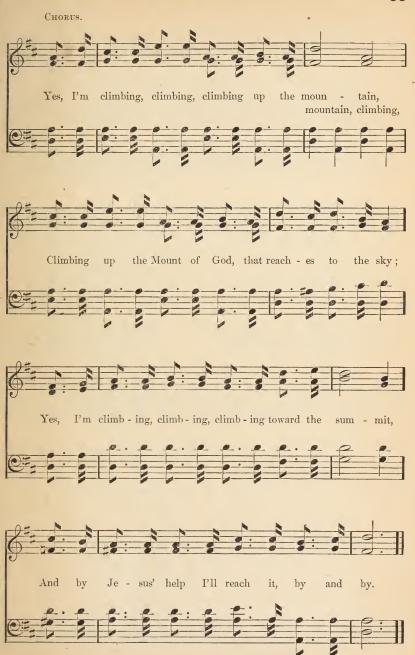
Mine is you ce - les-tial cit - y, Praise the Lord I'm homeward bound.

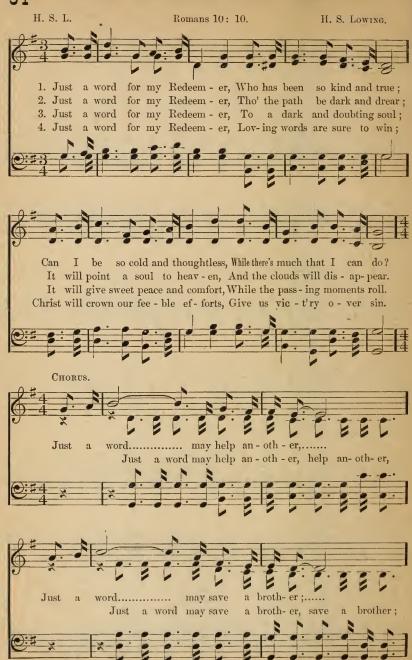


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

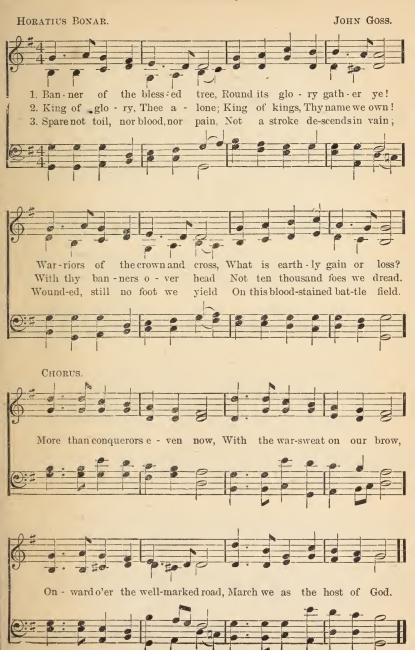














MARCHING ON FOR JESUS.

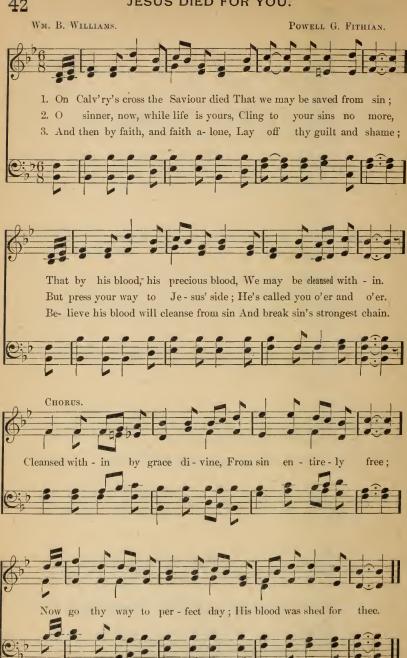
Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—I. Cor. 15: 57.

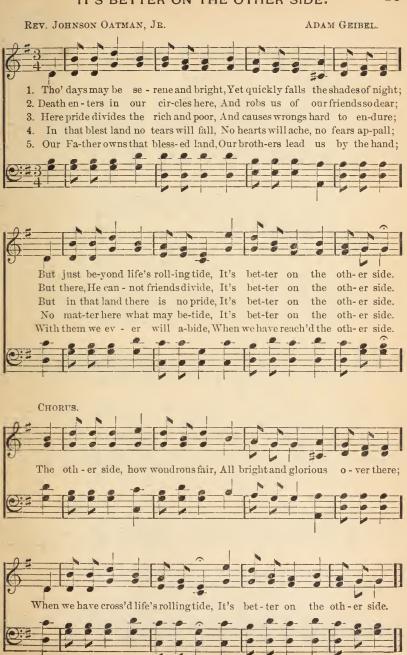


40 MY GAZE IS FIXED ON JESUS. REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. POWELL G. FITHIAN. 1. While trav'ling thro' this vale of tears, My gaze is fixed on Je - sus; 2. Let world-ly cares and woes increase, My gaze is fixed on Je - sus; 3. When waves of trou-ble stretch ahead, My gaze fixed on Je - sus; 4. I'll tell the world, where'er I'm led, My gaze is fixed on Je - sus; By day or night I have no fears, My gaze fixed on Je - sus. I find in him the Prince of Peace, My gaze fixed on Je - sus. Where'er he leads I'll safe - ly tread, My gaze fixed on Je - sus. I'll sing up - on my dy - ing bed, My gaze fixed on Je - sus. CHORUS. my dear-est friend; I'll ev'rywhere his love commend; I'll fol - low him un - to the end; My gaze is fixed on Je - sus.

BROTHER TURN YOUR FOOTSTEPS HOMEWARD. 41

IDA L. REED. ADAM GEIBEL. 1. Broth-er turn thy foot-steps homeward, For the 'ev - en-tidedraws nigh; 2. Broth-er turn thy foot-steps homeward, Long thy Lord hath plead with thee; 3. Broth-er turn thy foot-steps homeward, Youthfuldays be-hind thee lie; 4. Broth-er turn thy foot-steps homeward, Still thy Fa - ther waits for thee; Twi-light shades will soon be fall-ing, And the stars shine in the sky. But thou wouldst not hear or heed Him, And too late it soon may be. Lift thine eyes to heav-en's glo - rv, Ere the night of death draws nigh, Soon life's gates may close up - on it, Vain would then thy pleadings be. CHORUS. Broth-er turn your foot-steps homeward, Do not long - er i - dly wait; For the hours of day are o - ver, Soon will close life's gold- en gate.





REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.



- 1. In God's ho ly Word 'tis written That our Lord will come a gain;
- 2. Oft I wan-der in the shadows, Oft the path is out of sight,
- 3. Tho' I'm called to pass the val-ley And the shadow of the dead,





He will come to earth to judge it, Not to suf - fer death or pain.

But I hear a sweet voice call-ing, "Fol-low me, 'twill soon be light."

He has promised to be with me, So of them I have no dread.





He will summon all the faithful In the air their Lord to meet, He has promised when in dan-ger To pro-vide a safe re-treat, "I'll be with you," is the promise At that hour I will re-peat,





So I'm watching night and morning For the coming of his feet.

So I've learned to watch thro' darkness For the coming of his feet.

And while dy-ing, I will list - en For the com-ing of his feet.





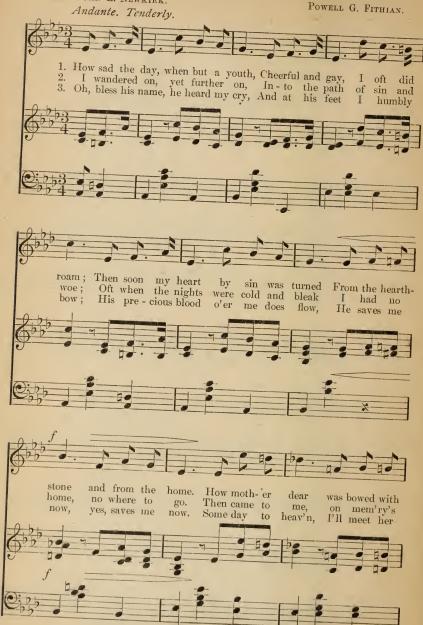
even me.

ISAIAH 32: 2, 12: 3, 65: 10, COL, 1: 20, W. E. PENN. W. E. PENN. Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo. Rock in a wea-y land, Its shad-ow falls on the 1. There is a 2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en - 3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in burn-ing sand, In-vit-ing pil-grims as they pass To seek a treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-ing sin-sick soul, Come, free-ly mount-ain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching crim-son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free REFRAIN. shadein the wil-der-ness. drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? all who will en - ter in. Slower. When the shelt'ring Rock When the liv - ing Well is SO Oh! why will ve When the Shepherd's fold is SO near When the crim - son cross

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Solo, Baritone or Mezzo Soprano.

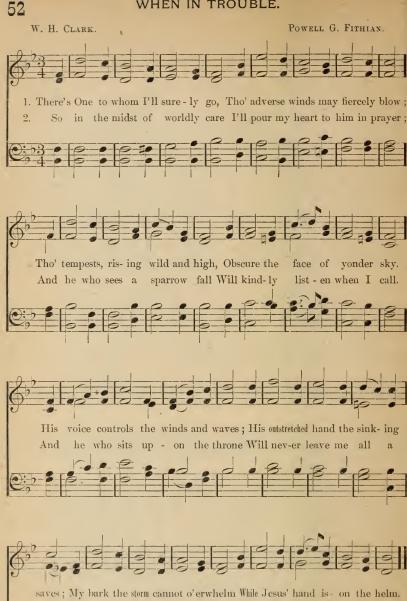
REV. JOHN L. NEWKIRK.











lone, But gen-tly lead me by his hand, To heavin's own pure and bet-ter land.





- 1. The Sav-iour is call-ing, child come home, No long-er in dark-ness roam;
- 2. You've wasted so ma ny pre-cious years, O cease from thy sin ful way;
- 3. There's nothing to gain, why thus de-lay, The pleas-ures of life are vain;





I've gone to pre-pare a place for thee, O wan-der-ing child come home. And hast-en to greet a Saviour's love, His par-don-ing voice o - bey. Comedrink at the fount of joy and peace, And thou shalt live a - gain.





Come home, come home, O wan-der-ing child come home; my child, my child,





'Tis Je - sus in-vites you, why longer roam, O wan-der-ing child come home.



WILLIAM HUGHES.

V. PAUL JONES.



- 1. "Come un to me." These words, so soft-ly spok en, Fell from the lips of 2. "Come un to me." Will you re-sist his calling? Will you repulse that
- 3. "Come un to me." Must he for ev er call thee? Think of the death he





Je- sus, long a - go. "Come un - to me." The silence still seems broken ten-der, lov- ing plea? Come 'neath the drops that from his side are fall-ing; died for you and me! Think of the pain and anguish he has suffered,



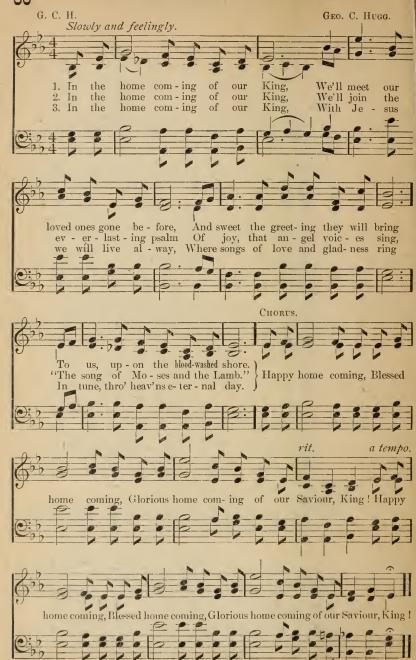
D. S.—"Come un - to me." With thee his voice is pleading,







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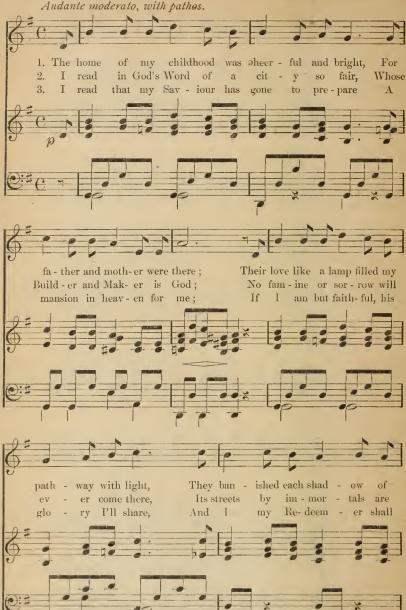




(Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

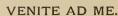
POWELL G. FITHIAN.













Matt. xi, 28-30. Rev. xxii, 17.

1 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy- | laden, | and | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly--in | heart: || and ye shall find | rest--unto | your-- | souls.

3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden--is | light, || for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden--is | light.

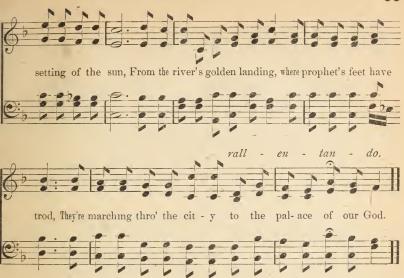
4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth, -- say, | Come. | And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | water--of | life-- | freely. A- | men.



62

This beautiful thought was suggested while returning home with a large Sunday-school picnic on an excursion steamer. With songs of praise upborne by children's voices, and the sun low in the heavens, we reached our destination. The gangplank was pushed out, and one by one they landed and disappeared in the streets of the city.

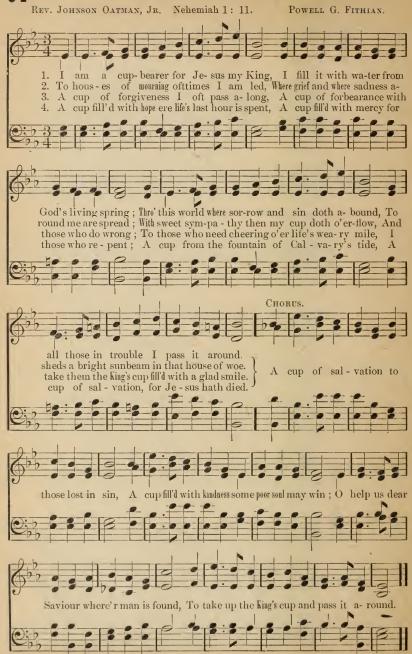




JESUS, TOUCH THIS HEART OF MINE.

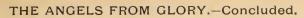


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THE ANGELS FROM GLORY. 66 REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG. My Saviour has gone to prepare me a home, A beau - ti - ful 2. Tho' struggles and hardships I meet on the way, The journey of 3. When Sa- tan and sin seem to har - ass my soul, If waves of af-4. So, I will keep singing, while passing a - long, For soon I will a - bove you blue dome; And when from this bod - y be o - ver some day; Then if I at last with life will a - bove me shall roll, I know when God o - pens flic - tion the glo - ri.- fied song; And when I look upward through soul is set free, The an-gels from glo - ry are com-ing for me. faithful shall be, The an-gels from glo-ry are com-ing for me. are com-ing for path thro' the sea; The an-gels from glo - ry faith I can see The an-gels from glo - ry are com-ing for me. CHORUS. me, yes, com - ing for me,





are com-ing for me; Just o - ver life's troubles and





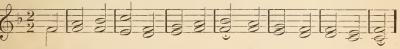
I see The an-gels of glo-ry are com-ing for me.



DUNDEE. C. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



- 1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
- 2. O how can words with e-qual warmth The grat i tude de-clare
- 3. Thro' all e ter ni ty to thee A grate-ful song I'll raise;





Transport - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise. That glows with - in my ravished heart? But thou canst read it there. But O, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all thy praise.

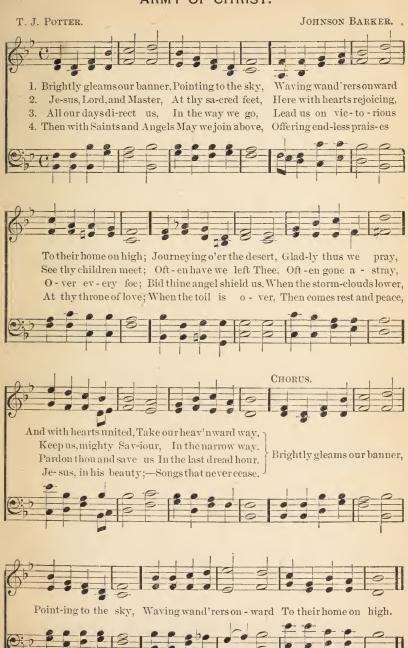


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REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



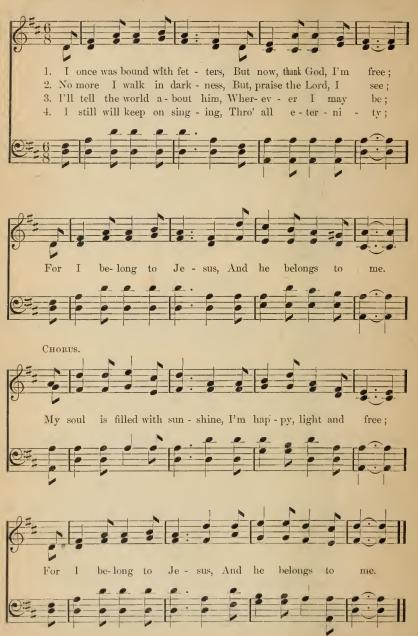


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG. Fervently. For a hundred years or more, good old No - all gave the warning, But the wicked world went on, and they would not heed his cry-ing, 3. Time with us will soon be o'er, shades of night will soon be fall-ing, 4. Je - sus has prepared a place, and he will re - fuse you nev - er, "Sin- ner, come in - to For the mighty winds will "Sin- ner, come in - to the ark;" Till at last all hope was Hast- en to the o-pen Sin- ner, come in - to the ark; Sin- ner, come in - to the ark; He will save you by his in - to the ark: roar, and the floods will come some morning, Sinner, come in - to the ark." gone, in the waters they were dying, Sinner, come in - to the ark. door, don't you hear the Saviour calling? "Sinner, come in - to the ark." grace, list- en to his "whoso - ev - er," Sinner, come in - to the ark. CHORUS. sin - ner, come in - to the ark, Dear sin - ner, come in - to the ark;



REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

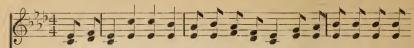
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



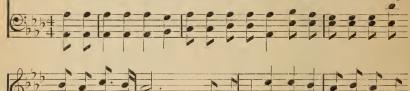


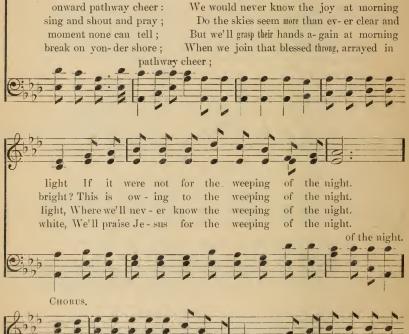
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.



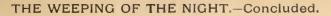
- 1. Are we walking un-der clouds and shadows here? There's a thought that should our
- 2. When the darkness of the night has passed away, With what happy hearts we
- 3. When our friends have whispered out this last farewell, O the sorrow of that
- 4. Soon the sorrows of this life will all be o'er, Soon we'll see the morning



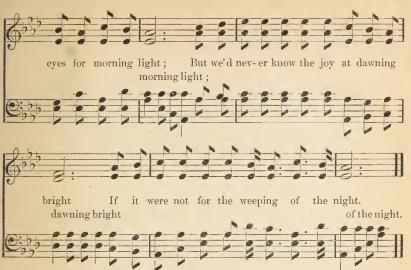




O the weeping, precious weeping of the night, How we watch thro' tearful of the night.

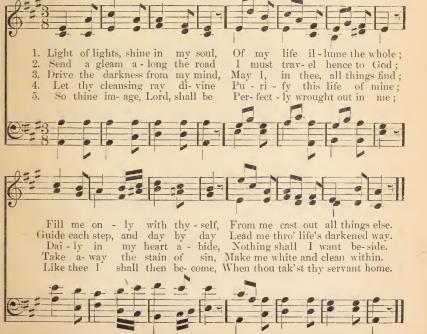






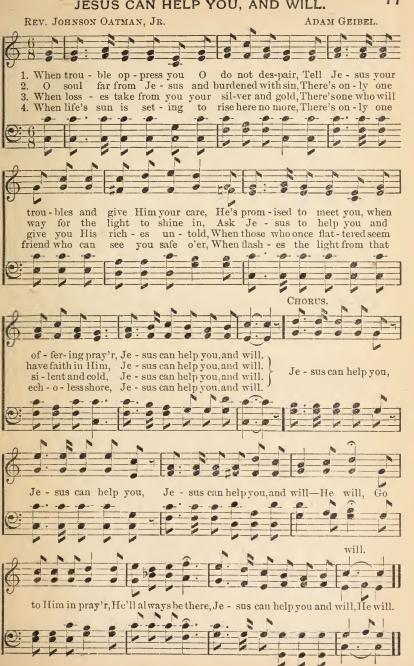
HORTON, 7.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.



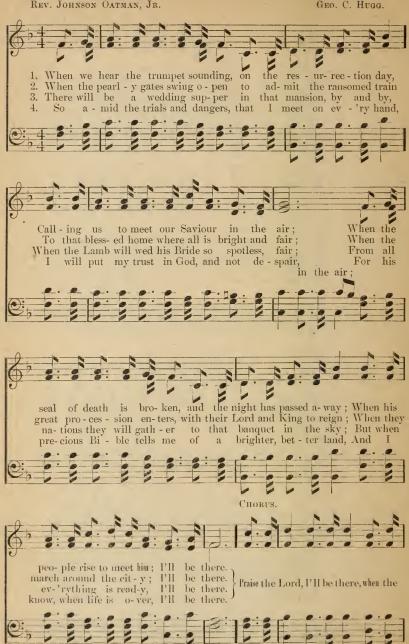


JESUS CAN HELP YOU, AND WILL.

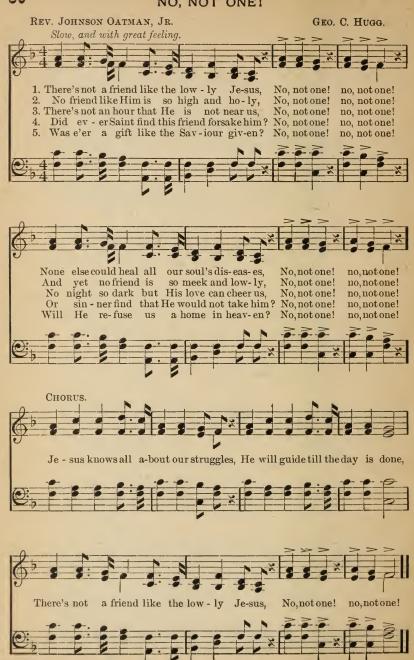


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

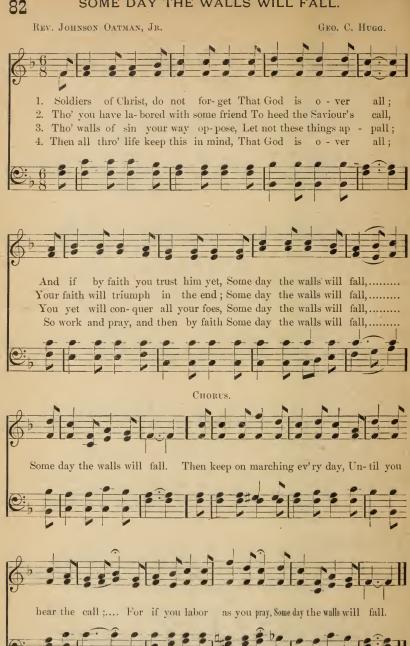
GEO. C. HUGG.

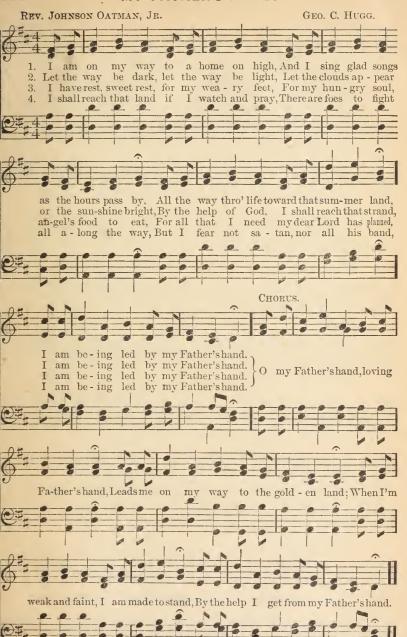














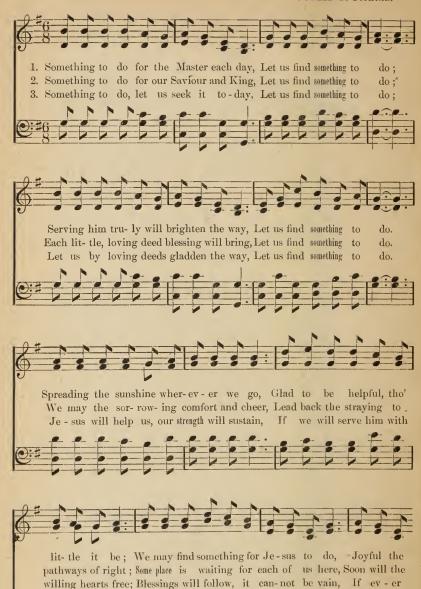


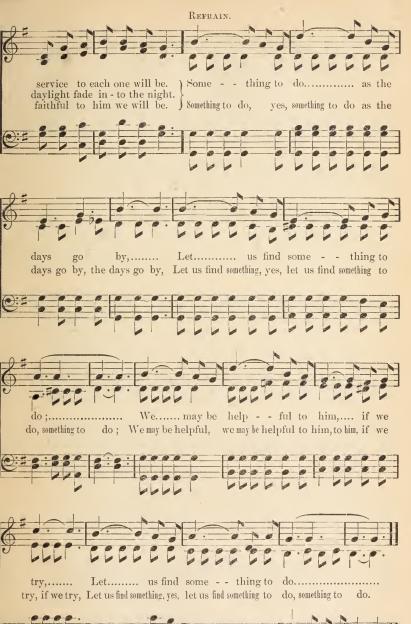




IDA L. REED.

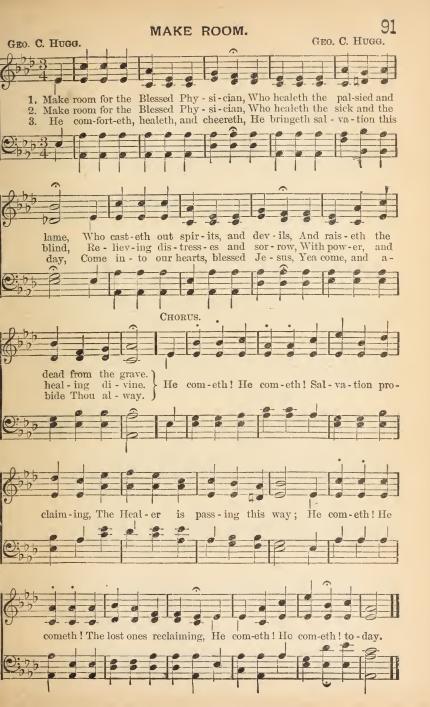
POWELL G. FITHIAN.





"I have redeemed thee."-Isaiah 43: 1.









*This piece may be sung with good effect as a Duett and Quartette.

VASH ME, AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW." (VERY EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.) REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. POWELL G. FITHIAN. I come to thee, Lord, all covered with I come to sin, 2. Long, long I have wandered in this world so cold, But back to its Whit- er than snowdrifts, O Lord, make my heart, Whiter than 4. Lord, make my heart pure, then I shall see thee, When from these sad washed in Cal - va - ry's flow; turn not dear haunts, Lord, bid me not I'd go; Tho' I un clean am an - y - thing earth can Bid all show; the tra ces scenes I'll ver - y soon As pure the dear go; as Lord, take me in, "Now wash me, and shall be whit- er than snow." en - ter thy fold, "Now wash me, and shall be whit- er than snow." shall be whit- er than snow." of sin de-part, "Now wash me, and Lord, I would be, "Now wash me, and shall be whit- er than snow." O Lord, wash me now, and cleanse me from sin, Just now, while I



95



wait, let the crim - son tide flow; Lord, "Purge me with hys - sop and





I shall be clean, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow."



PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.



- 1. When this song of praise shall cease, Let thy children, Lord, de part
- 2. O, where'er our path may lie, Father, let us not for get
- 3. Blind are we, and weak and frail; Be thine aid for ev er near;





With the bless-ing of thy peace, And thy love in ev-'ry heart.

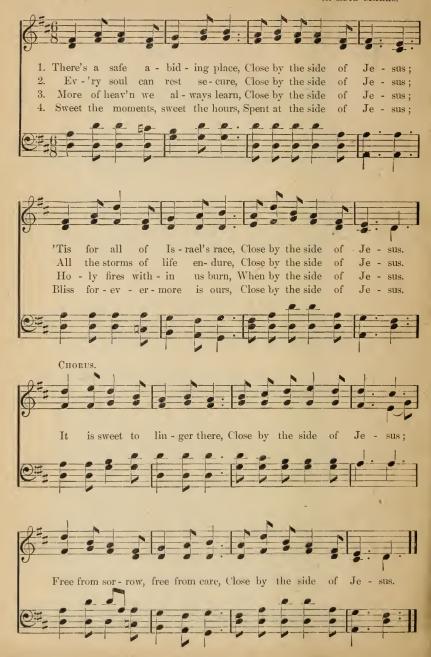
That we walk beneath thine eye, That thy care upholds us yet.

May the fear to sin pre-vail O-ver ev-'ry oth-er fear.



W. E. M.

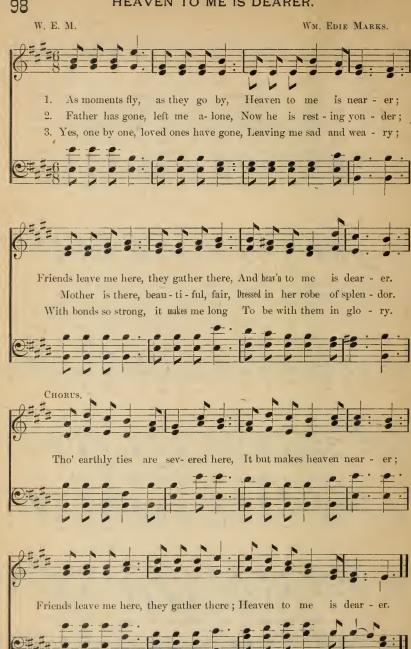
WM. EDIE MARKS.





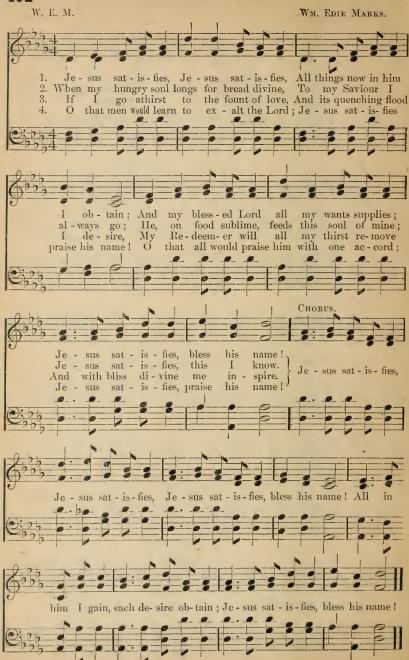


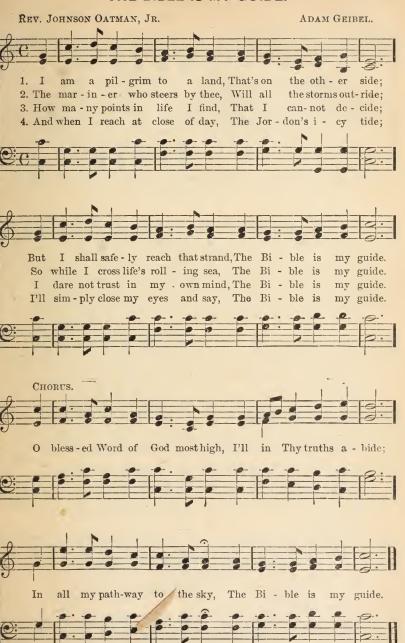
F. R. HAVERGAL.







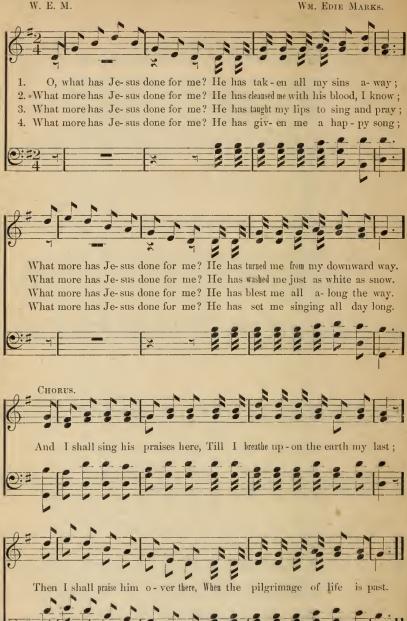




WHAT HAS JESUS DONE FOR ME?

104

WM. EDIE MARKS.



"O SAVIOUR DEAR, SPEAK WORDS OF CHEER." 105

ADAM GEIBEL. REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. 1. A storm one time was rag - ing wild, Up - on the might-y deep; 2. But fear - ful cries disturbed His sleep, And made His bo-som thrill; the storms of life, Can sink in - to His will; 3. When we a - mid 4. When sor-rows come, and tri - als sweep, The Sav - iour knows it all; 5. He watch-es o'er us night and day, Tho' we may be a - sleep; But calm - ly as a lit - tle child, Our Say - iour lay a - sleep. Then He a - rose, re-buked the deep, And all around was still. We hear His voice a - bove the strife, Still say - ing, "peace be still." No more a-sleep up - on the deep, He hears the faint-est call. And He will guide us if we pray, A - cross life's storm-y deep. CHORUS. Sav-iour dear, speak words of cheer, When we are tempest tossed; We will not fear, if Thou art near, With-out Thee we are lost.

106



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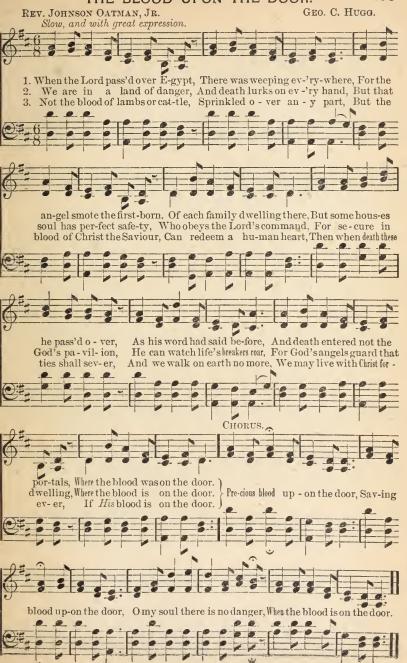


W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



THE BLOOD UPON THE DOOR.



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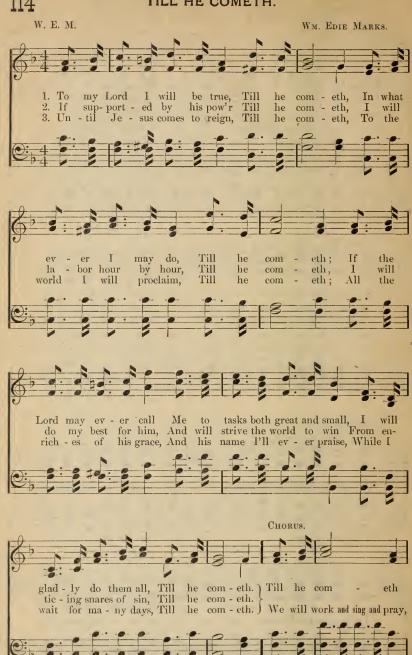




JESUS NEVER LEAVES THE SHIP.

Suggested by the sinking of the steamship Elbe, in the North Sea, Jan, 30th, 1895, in which over 300 lives were lost, and brave Captain Von Goessel went down with his ship.







E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



D.S.—theme of song shall be, Praise to him who so loves







O WHAT WONDROUS LOVE!

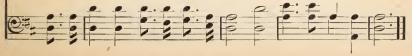


- 1. I am hap-py in the love of Je sus, Coming from the throne a- bove,
- 2. Je-sus knows my ev-'ry sin and weakness, He will keep me all the day;
- 3. He is always near to shield and com- fort When temptations dark be- tide;

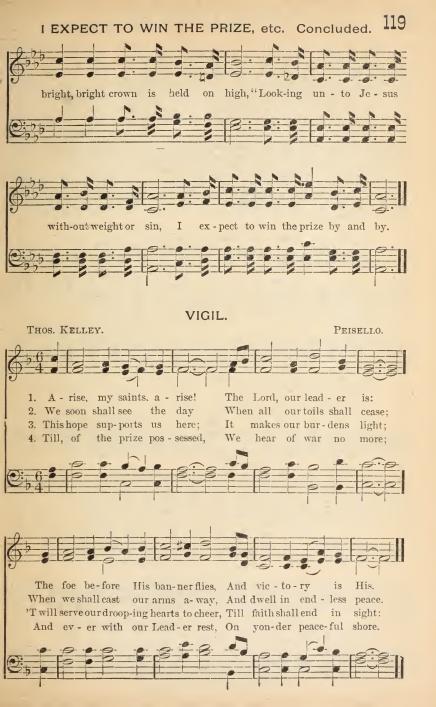


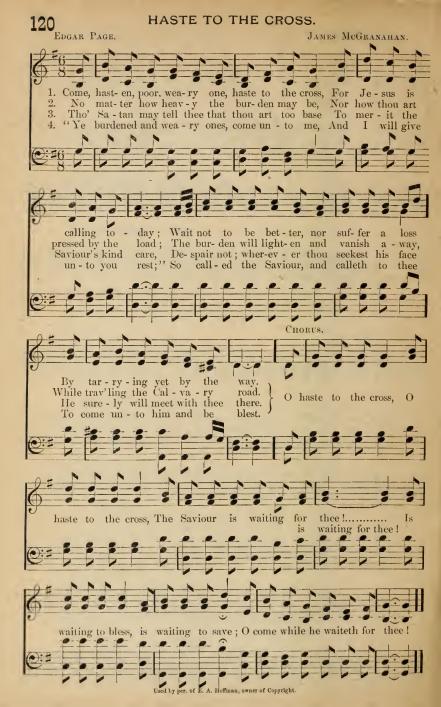


For it fills my soul with joy and glad - ness: O what wondrous love! He, my comfort, by the hand doth take me, Leads me all the way. When the way is rough, the road is wea - ry, He is at my side.

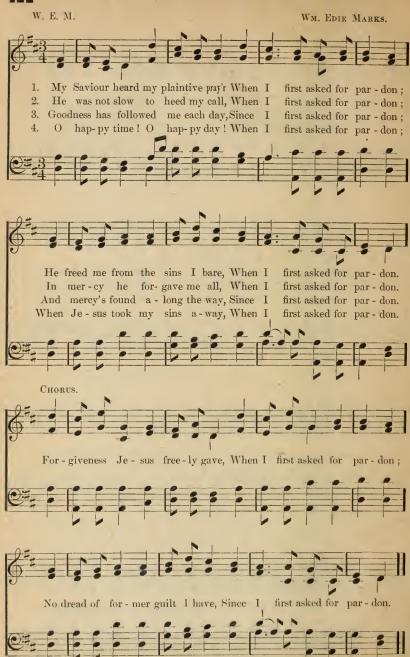


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL. am the race course run - ning t'ward the goal, Where a the world is look - ing on from day to day, Clouds of Toys of earth are try - ing to al-lure me back, But I Earth no more can charm me with its cares and strife, With God's 4. Earth no more glit - t'ring prize has caught my eye; With the help of Je - sus es are press - ing nigh; But tho' sin and Sa - tan
eyes turn'd t'ward the sky; Nev - er can the temp-ter
run un - til I die; Then my Lord has prom-ised wit - ness - es keep my who redeem'd my soul, Ι ex-pect to win the prize by and by. I ex-pect to win the prize by try to block my way, ex-pect to win the prize by ex-pect to win the prize by throw me off the track, I and by. Ι me a crown of life, CHORUS. to win, to win. ex - cept yes,









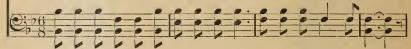


E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



- 1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
- 2. Hast thou domin-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
- 3. Is there no more condem-nation for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
- 4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je sus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
- 5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?





Dost thou count all things for Je- sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?

O- ver all e-vil without and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?

Does Je- sus rule in the temple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?

Does he each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?

Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,

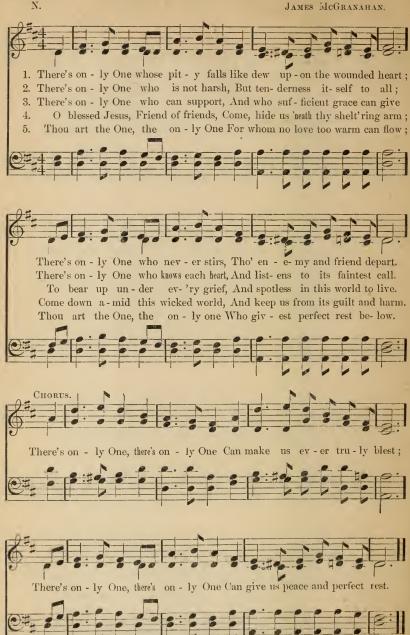




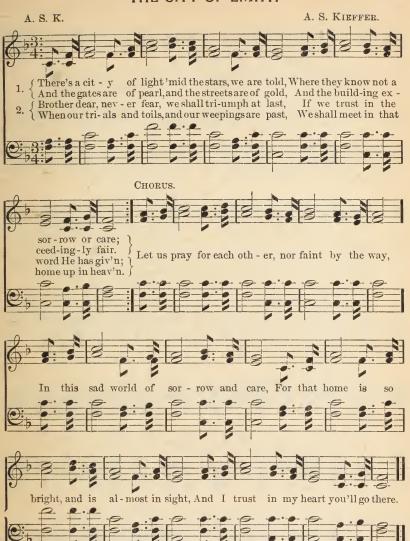
Cleansed and made ho-ly, humble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?....



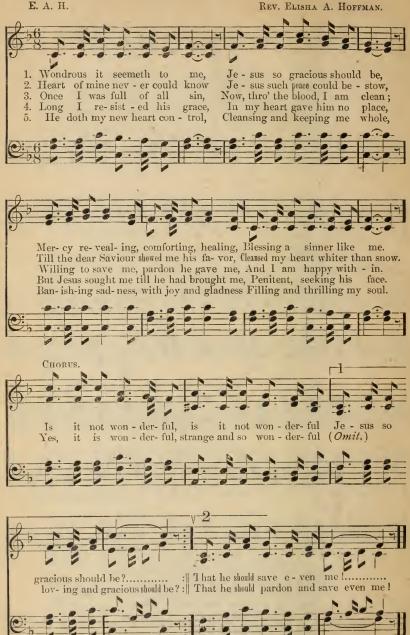




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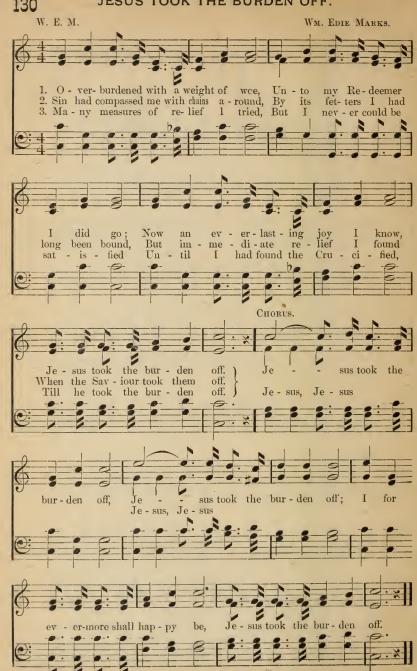


- 3. Sister dear, never fear,—for the Saviour is near,
 With His hand He will lead you along;
 And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
 And your mourning shall turn to a song.
- 4. Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine; Let us ever keep near to the cross; Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here; Let us count all things else but as loss.



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TO THE MEMORY OF PROF. JNO. R. SWENEY.

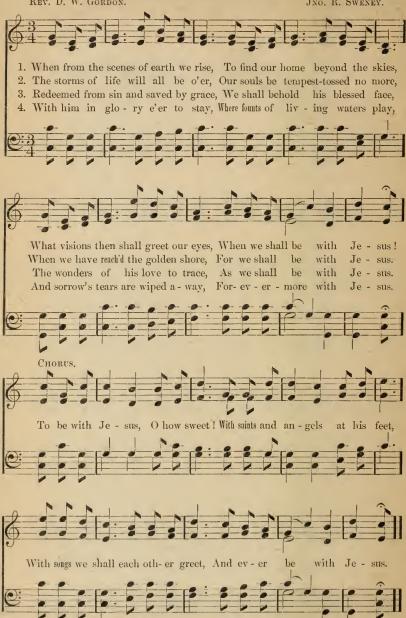
Written from fragments of thought thrown out at his funeral, on April 13th, 1899, by Ira D. Sankey, John Wanamaker, Dr. P. H. Mowry, Dr. Weston, Rev. E. A. Ballard, and others.



This tune was written at Landisville Camp Meeting, season 1898, and is the last song by the lamented Sweney.

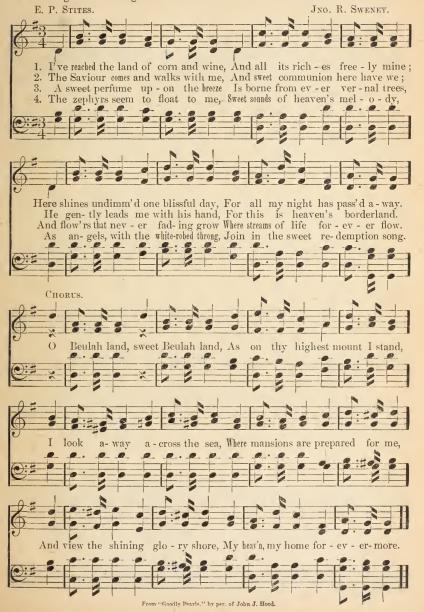
REV. D. W. GORDON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



Copyright, 1899, by Jno. R. Swency

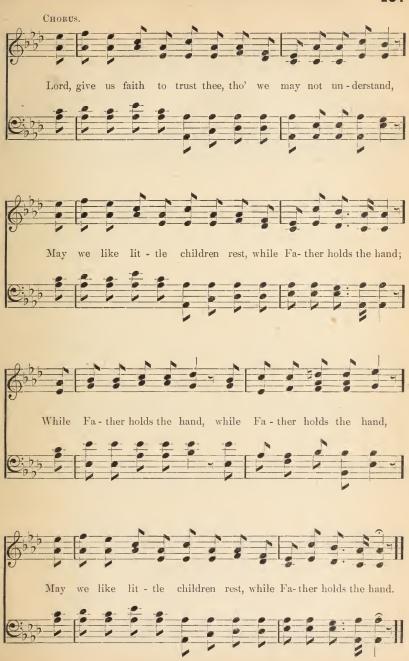
Of all the late Prof. Sweney's compositions, this is possibly the most widely known. It was sung at his funeral by Ira D. Sankey with joyfulness as a "Coronation Hymn" rather than a funeral dirge. Mr. Sankey voiced the true sentiment, when he said, "My brother is not dead, he has only moved from this beautiful world to a more glorious heritage."



TO BABY EVANGELINE HUGG.

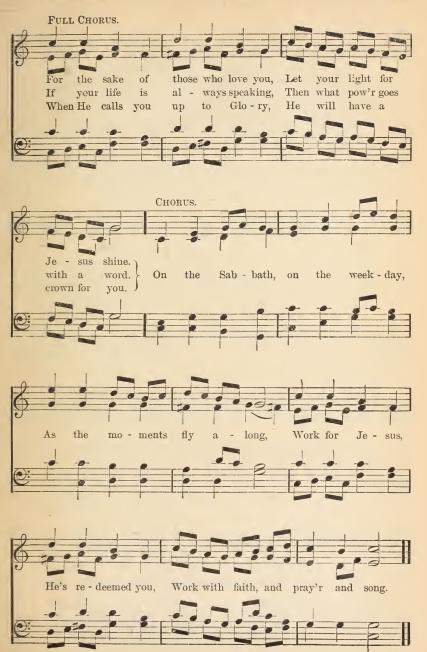
These words were written by request, and lovingly inscribed to my little daughter, Evangeline, who, since she was two months old, would in the hours of midnight darkness place her little hand in her father's, and sweetly coo herself to sleep. God grant that we may "Enter the kingdom of heaven like a little child."







WORK FOR JESUS EVERYWHERE. Concluded. 139



E. A. H.

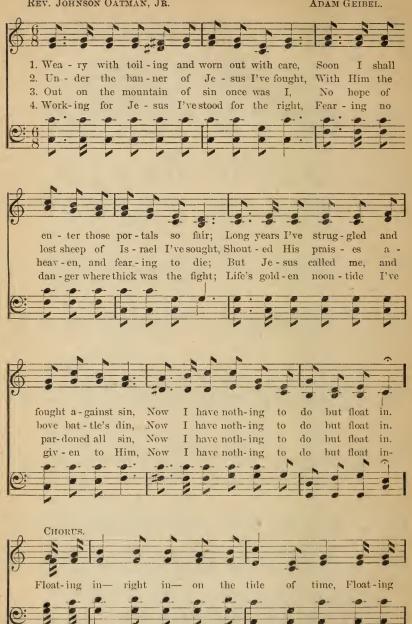
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.





REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.



FLOATING IN ON THE TIDE OF TIME. Concluded. 143



TURN TO THE LORD.



- Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream;
- All the fitness He requireth, Is to feel your need of Him.
- 4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.



RICH IN BLESSING.



146 LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE. (Responsive Duet.) BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE. 1ST VOICE. 1. "Pilgrim, trav - el-stain'd and wea - ry, Pressing on with way-worn 2. "Pilgrim, art thou sad - ly weeping? Dim with watch - ing are thine 3. "Courage, pil - grim, o'er thee bending, Bands of an Is the jour - ney long and dreary? Do the temp - ests round thee beat?" eyes? Anxiousvig - il art thou keeping, Looking for the glad sun-rise?" love; From the temp-ter's wile's de-fending, Onward press and look a - bove!" "Ah, my friend, why should I sor - row? End-less joy a - waits my "Friend, I some - times catch a glim - mer, Of the Cit - y's jas - per "Friend, no e vil am I fear - ing, Je-sus guides me all the



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YE DOORS LIFT UP YOUR PORTALS.







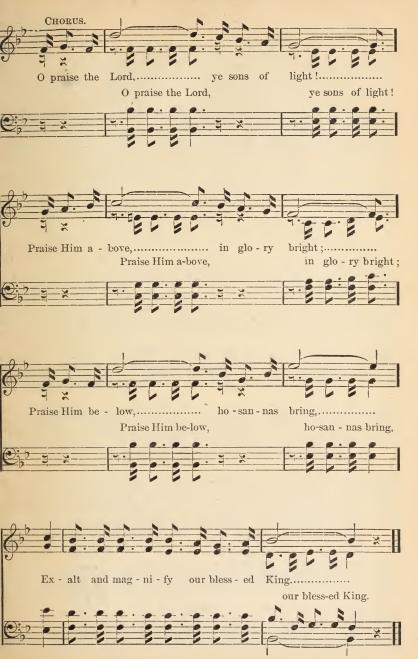
I EXPECT TO GET TO HEAVEN BY THE SAME OLD WAY.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG. 1. The way our fa - ther's trav-eled is good e - nough for me, 2. The world may sneer and tell me I'll nev - er reach the goal, 3. When bowers of sin en-tice me rest my wea rv feet. to 4. Mill-ions are now in glo - ry, in shin - ing white ar-rayed, They fol-lowed in the foot-steps that led from Cal - va - rv. That good works are suf - fi - cient save a hu - man soul, I find in Christ my Sav-iour, re - treat. safe, sure Who trav-eled this same path-way, and oft - en were dis-mayed, glo - ry, that land of end - less day, led them up to But while the world talk - ing, is I still will watch and pray, and not look back, nor stay, He tells me to press on - ward, they sing both night and day, But hap - py now in glo - ry ex - pect get to heav - en by the same old way. Ι the same ex - pect to heav - en by old to get way. the same T ex - pect to get to heav - en by old way. ex - pect get to heav - en by the same old way.

I EXPECT TO GET TO HEAVEN, etc. Concluded.



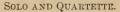


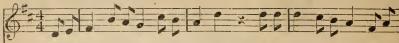


To REV. H. D. LOWING.

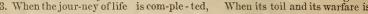


ADAM GEIBEL.





1. There's a mansion just o - ver the riv - cr, Which my Sav-iour's preparing for 2. In that mansion just o - ver the riv - er, Where the saints of all a - ges re - 3. When the jour-ney of life is com-ple-ted, When its toil and its warfare is



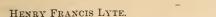














1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;

- 2. Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav-iour too;
- 3. Haste thee on from grace to glo ry, Armed by faith and winged by pray'r;





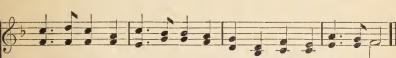
Des - ti-tute, de-spised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be; Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like men, un-true; Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there;





Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known, And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might, Soon shall close thine earthly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days;





Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.

Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.

Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.



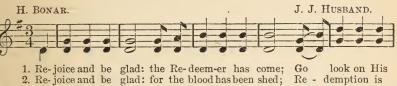




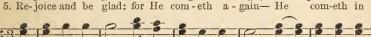
For God has put with His own hand, The Writ - ing on the Wall.



REJOICE AND BE GLAD.



3. Re-joice and be glad: for the Lambthat wasslain, O'er death is tri-4. Re-joice and be glad; for our King is on high; He pleadeth for





cra-dle, His cross, and His tomb. finished, the price has been paid. umphant, and liv-eth a-gain. us on His throne in the sky. glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain.

Sound His praises, tell the sto - ry, Of

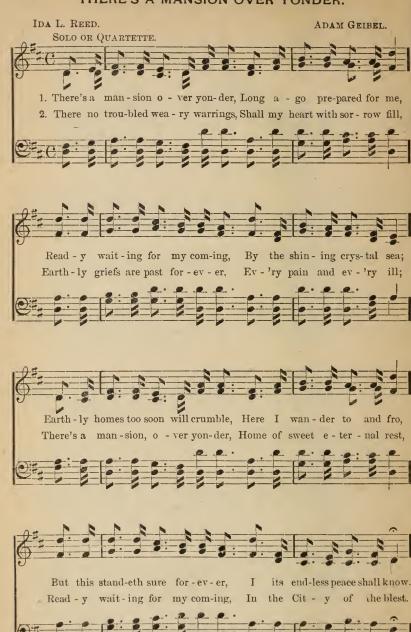




Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv-eth a-gain.

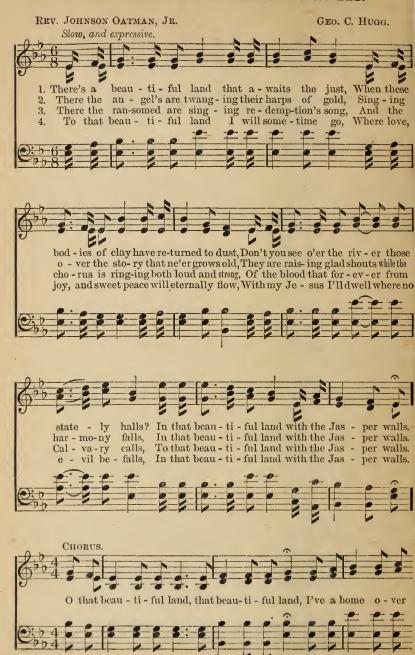
For last verse.—He com-eth a-gain.

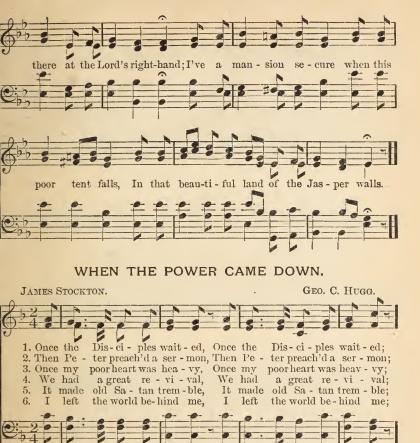




THERE'S A MANSION OVER YONDER. Concluded.



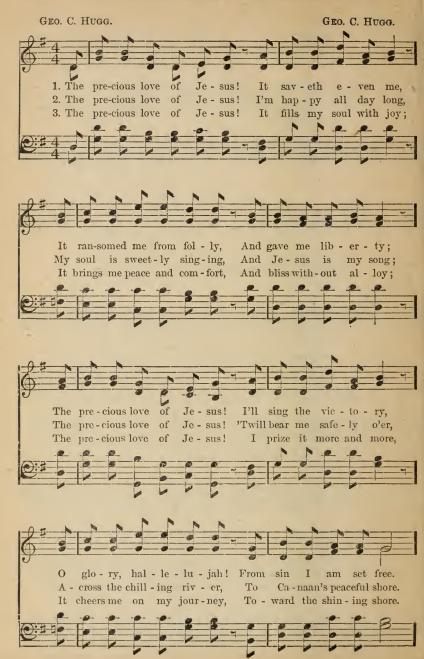


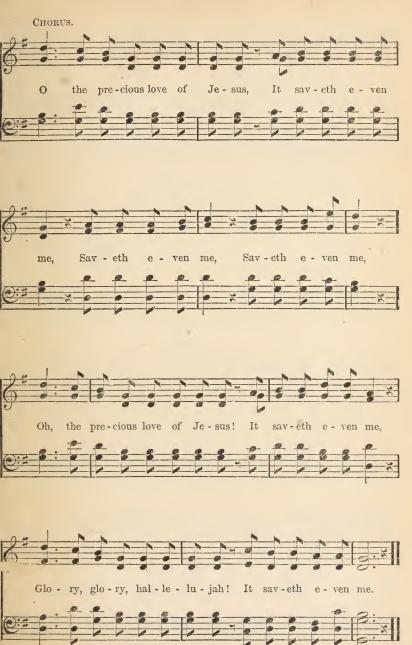




Came down the Ho - ly Spir - it;

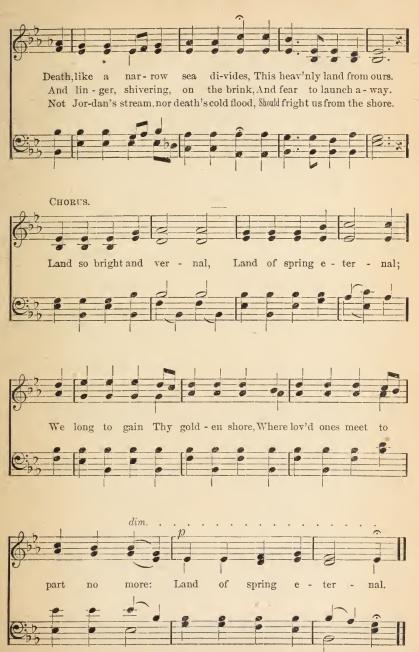
D. C.—Like wind with rush-ing might - y,

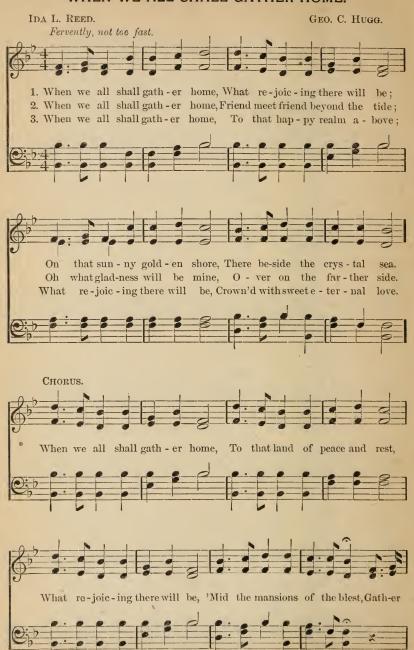




* Chorus arranged from a Spiritual.







WHEN WE ALL SHALL GATHER HOME. Concluded. 171



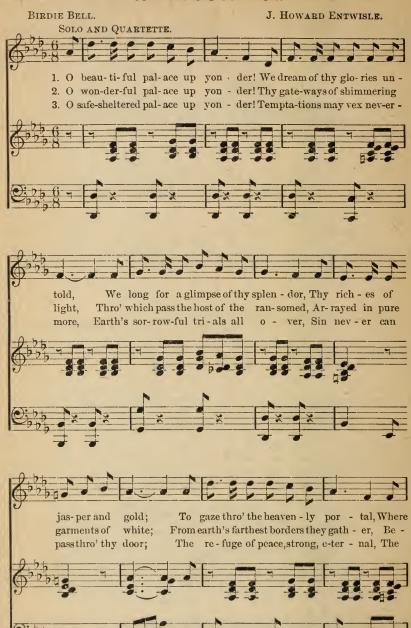
- 2. Thy prom-ise is my on ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh;
- 3. Bow'ddown beneath a load of sin, By Sa tan sore ly press'd; 4. Be Thou my shield and hid-ing-place, That, shelter'd near Thy side;
- O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,





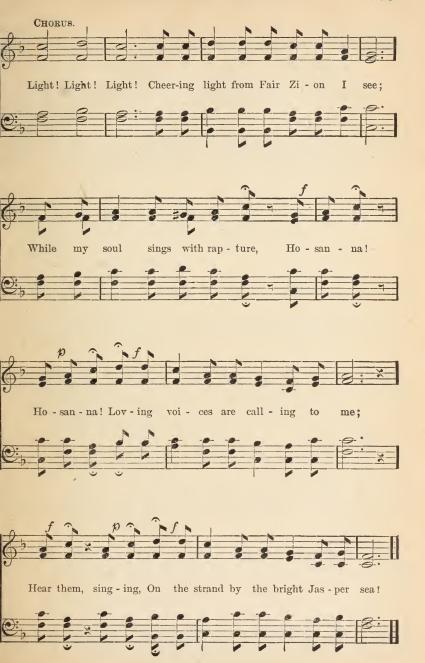
There humbly fall be-fore Thy feet,—For none can per-ish there. Thou call-est bur-den'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I. By wars with-out, and fears with-in, I come to Thee for rest. I may re-joice in Je-sus' grace, In Je-sus cru-ci-fied. That guil - ty sin - ners, such as I, Might plead Thy gracious Name.

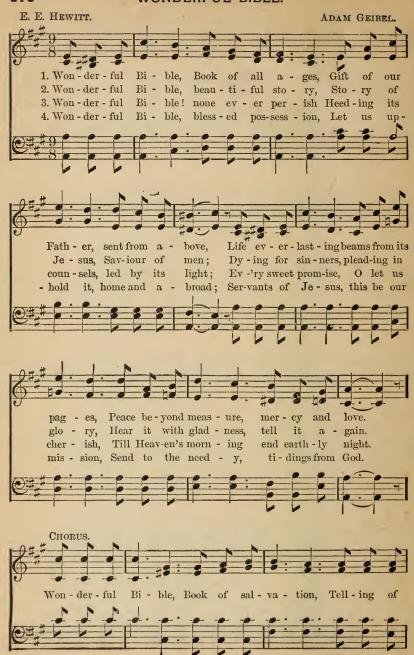














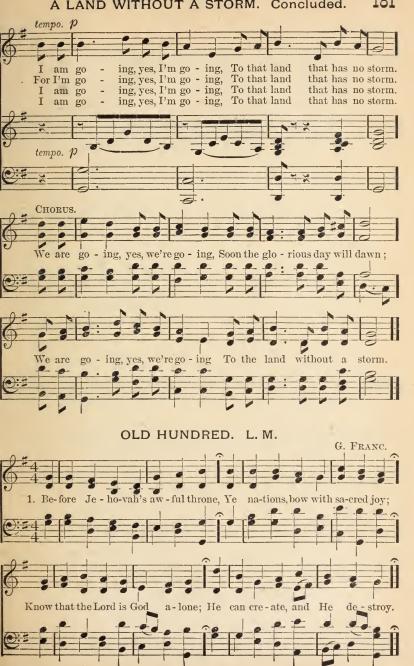
JOHN 21: 22.































WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, etc. Concluded.



What have you done for Je - sus? What have you done for Je - sus?



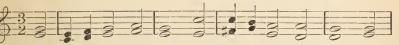
There's work to do, there's work for you, What have you done for Je-sus?



BOYLSTON.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

LOWELL MASON.



- Did Christo'er sin ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry! Let
 The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an gels see; Be
- 2. The Son of God in tears The wondring an gels see; Be
- 3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In





tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
thou as - ton - ished, O my soul: He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

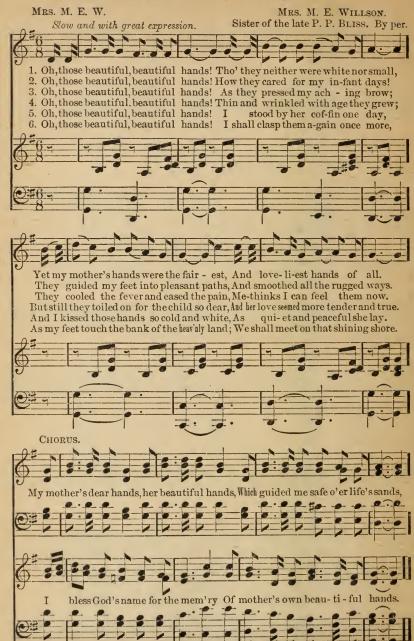






ORTONVILLE. C. M.





REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.



- 1. Beyond the stars our loved ones wait, And watch for us be-side the gate;
- 2. We long to join our loved ones there, And with them breathe on heaven's air
- 3. When we shall reach the streets of gold, We will our Saviour's face be-hold;
- 4. Then let us work and do our best, Soon God will take us home to rest;
- 5. Till then my soul be still and wait, Soon thou wilt pass the pear-ly gate;



They wait for me, they watch for you, In that fair land a-cross the blue. The song that is for - ev - er new, In glo - ry land, a-cross the blue. We'll kiss the hand that led us thro' To mansions fair a-cross the blue. For if he finds us tried and true, We'll live with him a-cross the blue. Then what a meet-ing will en-sue With those we love a-cross the blue.



Friends wait for me and watch for you, In sin-less land, a-cross the blue.



At a memorial service, held at Chester Heights Camp Meeting, Aug. 2, 1897, a great wave of religious enthusiasm passed over the audience when Rev. C. M. Boswell said, concerning Rev. Wm. Swindells, D. D., "He is away from us to-day, but he is just across the blue awaiting the time for us to come and greet him there. Let us send him word that we will be sure to come."

(PARTING HYMN.)

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.



- 1. These scenes, so bright, now take their flight As birds in summer seem to fly;
- 2. As oft we meet, and dear ones greet, Heart speaks to heart and eye to eye;
- 3. Sometime we'll meet, sometime we'll greet Each other in that land on high;





A- gain we stand with parting hand, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye. Time speeds a- way, and soon we say, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye. There we will stay, and nev - er say, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye.



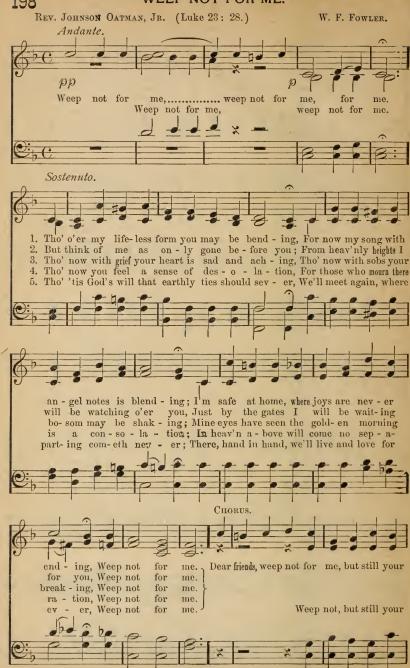


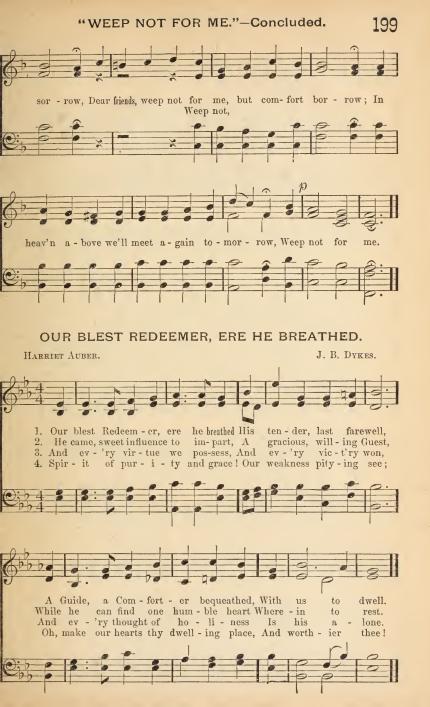
Good-bye, good-bye, we breathe a sigh, We say farewell with tear-dimmed eye;







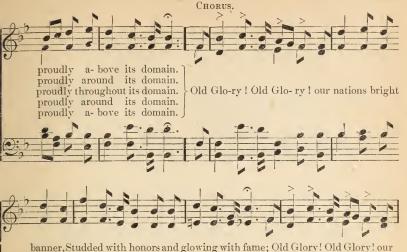






"OLD GLORY."







tro-phy, our treasure, Let the glad cho - ral its prais - es proclaim.



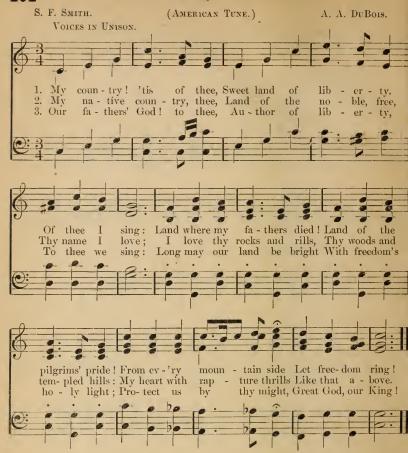
GOD OF NATIONS. L. M.

- 1 Great God of nations, now to thee Our hymn of gratitude we raise; With humble heart and bending knee We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God, For all the kindness thou hast shown To this fair land the pilgrims trod— This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide, And casts her soft and hallowed ray; Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide In safety thro' their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light Thro' all our land its radiance sheds; Dispels the shades of error's night, And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

-Unknown.

OUR FATHERS' GOD. L. M.

- 1 To thee, O God, whose guiding hand Our fathers led across the sea, And brought them to this barren shore, Where they might freely worship thee-
- 2 To thee, O God, whose arm sustained Their footsteps in this barren land, Where sickness lurked and death assailed, And foes beset on every hand-
- 3 To thee, O God, we lift our eyes; To thee our grateful voices raise; And, kneeling at thy gracious throne, Devoutly join in hymns of praise.
- 4 Our fathers' God, incline thine ear, And listen to our heartfelt prayer; Surround us with thy heavenly grace, And guard us with thy constant care. -W. T. Davis,



TRUST GOD. L. M.

- 1 Now may the God of grace and power Attend his people's humble cry; Defend them in the needful hour And send deliverance from on high.
- 2 In his salvation is our hope; And in the name of Israel's God Our troops shall lift our banners up, Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses trained for war, And some of chariots make their boasts; Our surest expectations are From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 4 Then, save us, Lord, from slavish fear, And let our trust be firm and strong, Till thy salvation shall appear,

And hymns of peace conclude our song.

—Isaac Watts.

GUARD AND GUIDE US. C. M.

- 1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray, Of every clime and coast,
 - O hear us for our native land— The land we love the most.
 - 2 O guard our shores from every foe; With peace our borders bless; Our cities with prosperity; Our fields with plenteousness.
 - 3 Unite us in the sacred love Of knowledge, truth and thee; And let our hills and valleys shout The songs of liberty.
 - 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee Our country we commend; Be thou her refuge and her trust, Her everlasting friend.

-J. R. Wreford.

IDA L. REED.

W. F. FOWLER.



- 2. Give us the battle, lead us on ward. Help us to triumph o-ver sin;
- 3. Give us the battle, we are read y Onward to move at thy com-mand;
- us the battle, Lord Je ho vah, Strengthen thy legions for the fight;





Strengthen our hearts for the con - flict, Let thy sustain - ing grace abound. / Self, thro' thy love, may we con - quer, Keep thou our frail hearts pure within.

On thy sure promises re - ly - ing, Firm-ly for thee, dear Lord, we stand. Strong are the foes that be - set Give us thy grace and ho - ly might. us,





Give us the battle, Lord Je-ho-vah, Lead us to vic-to-ry in thy name;

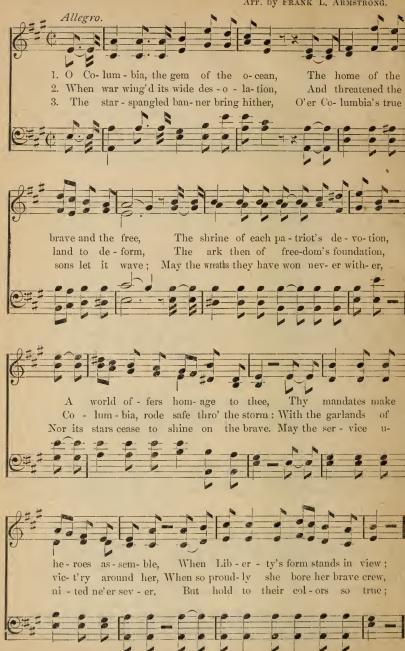


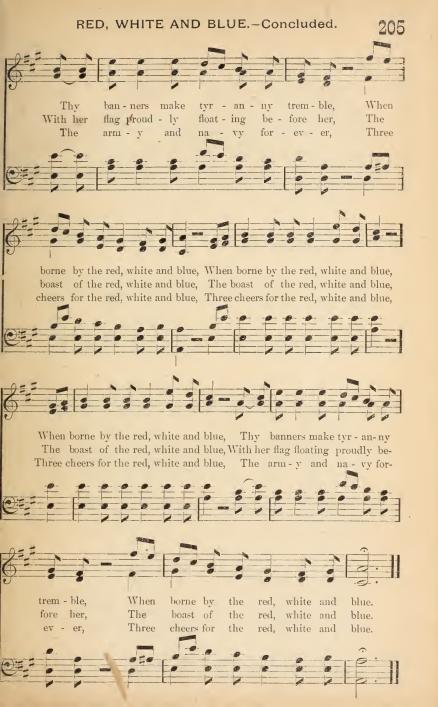


Lord Je - hovah, Wilt thou thy might and thy pow'r proclaim? Give us the battle.



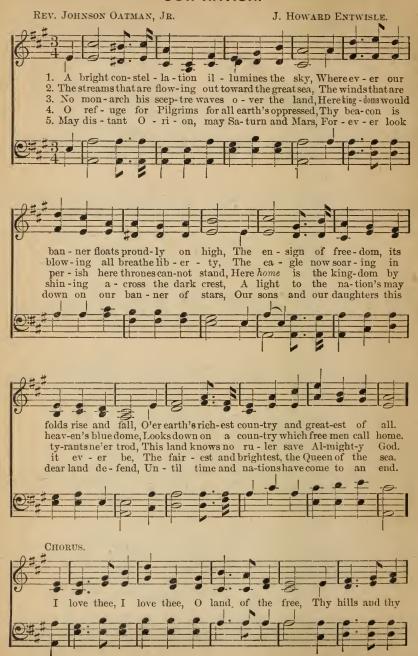
Arr. by Frank L. Armstrong.













ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; D. C.—Be of sin the dou-ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.





Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd.

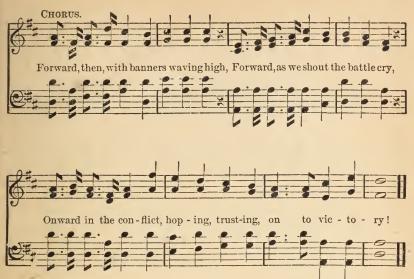


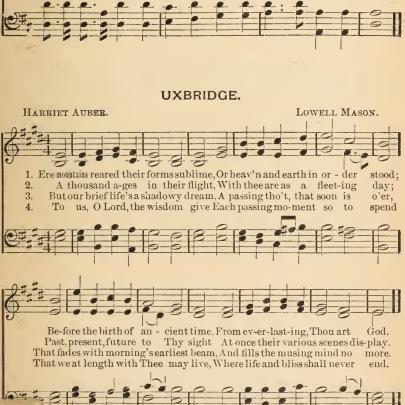
- Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone—
 Thou must save and Thou alone.
- Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

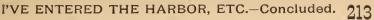






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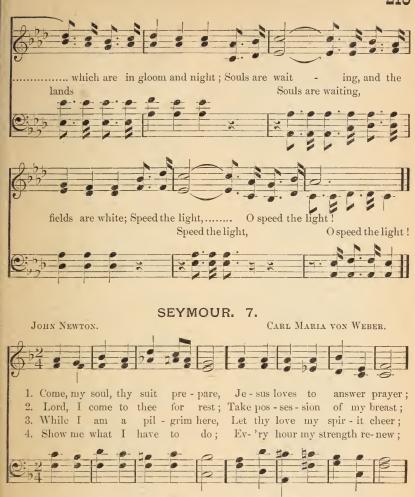














THE LAND OF BEULAH.-Key G.

I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams,
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

HAPPY DAY .- Key G.

O happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;

I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart, With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,

That vow renewed shall daily hear Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

MISSIONARY HYMN.-Key F.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.— Key C.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,

Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of

reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—||: Bringing in the sheaves,:||
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,

Fearing neither clouds, nor winter's chilling breeze;

By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,

Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;

When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

ON JESUS.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fullness dwells in him;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline;
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child:
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 And learn the angels' song.

BETHANY.-Key G.

Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

- 2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let my way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DI-VINE.—Martin, Key F.

Holy Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine; Long hath sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine; Bid my many woes depart, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down ev'ry idol-throne,
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

 —A. Reed.

AT THE CROSS.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,

- And now I am happy all the day.

 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?

 Amazing pity, grace unknown,
 And love beyond degree!
 - 3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself away 'Tis all that I can do!

—I. Watts.

WORK .- Key F.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,

hee!

When man works no more.

—Anni
—Anni

COME TO JESUS.-Key G.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus!

2 He will save you! 10 He'll forgive you.

3 Oh, believe him! 11 Flee to Jesus!

4 He is able.

5 He is willing.

6 He'll receive you

7 Call upon him!

8 He will hear you.

15 Don't reject him!

9 Look unto him! 17 Hallelujah, Amen!

MATCHLESS WORTH.

O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.

HOLY SPIRIT.-Key G.

Holy Spirit, faithful guide, Ever near the Christian's side, Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land; Weary souls for e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever-present, truest friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."
—M. M. Wells,

LORD'S PROTECTION.—Hebron, L. M., Key Bb.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolonged my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my follies past, IIe gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head, While well appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.
—Isaac Watts.

SWEET HOUR.-Key D.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known! In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight!
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!
—w. w. walford.

THE CHILD OF A KING.-Key F.

My Father is rich
In houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth
Of the world in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds,
Of silver and gold
His coffers are full,
He has riches untold!

Сно.—I'm the child of a King!
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 A tent or a cottage,
Why should I care?
They're building a palace
For me over there.
Though exiled from home,
Yet still I may sing:
"All glory to God,
I'm the child of a King."

-H. E. Buell.

WEBB.-Key Bb.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss: From victory unto victory It army shall he lead, Till every foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
—Geo, Duffield, Jr.

SILVER ST.-Key C.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.
—Philip Doddridge.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to the blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul A niving spark of holy fire? Oh! kindle now the sacred flame, Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart, And let me now my Saviour see; Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart And bid my spirit rest in thee.

HE LEADETH ME.-Key D.

He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Спо.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.-Key C.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

-Wm. Cowper.

THE SOLID ROCK.-Key G.

My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name: On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; ||: All other ground is sinking sand.:||

2 When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil: On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; ||: All other ground is sinking sand.:|| —Edward Mote.

ONLY TRUST HIM .- Key G.

Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

CHO.—Only trust him, only trust him
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the crimson flood That washes white as snow.

DUNDEE.-Key Eb.

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

-Isaac Watts.

DENNIS .- Key F.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

-John Fawcett.

LENNOX.-Key Bb.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
—Charles Wesley.

RATHBUN.-Key C.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me— Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide. —John Bowring.

EVAN.-Key Ab.

Forever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This all my hope and all my plea— For me the Saviour died.

CHO.—||: Blessed be the name,:||
Blessed be the name of the Lord;
||: Blessed be the name,:||
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

2 My dying Saviour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ever with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.
—Charles Wesley.

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.— Key G.

I am coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Сно.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee; Blessed Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at the cross I bow; Jesus saves me—saves me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has evil dwelt within; Jesus sweetly speaks to me; "I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes, he fills my soul,
Perfected in him I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!—
—W. McDonald.

MARTYN.-Key F.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,

O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,

All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
IIeal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:

Vile and full of sin I am,

Thou art full of truth and grace.

—Charles Wesley.

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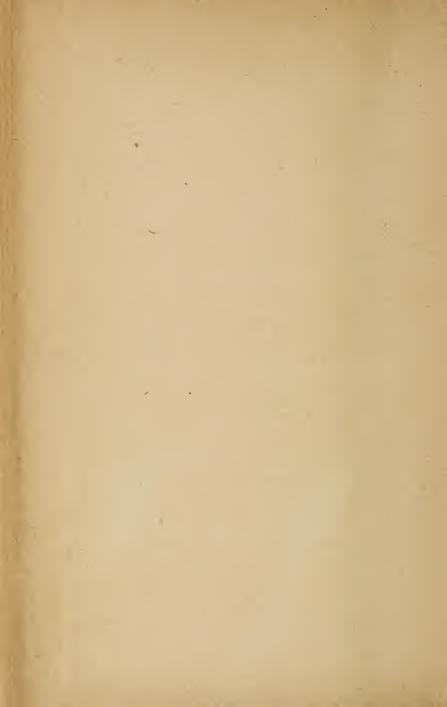
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